

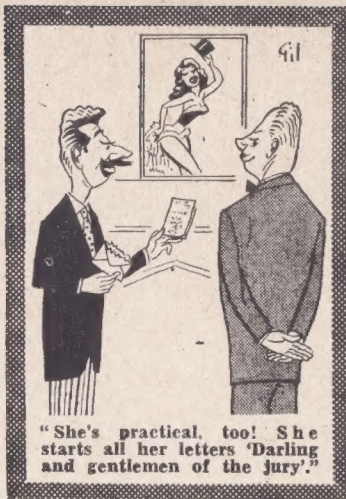
THIS ISSUE: **"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BEDLAM"**

HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL

★ PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER COPY IN U. S. A. ★ ADULT ENTERTAINMENT ★

A color photograph of Marilyn Monroe lying on her stomach on a bed with white sheets. She is wearing a light-colored, off-the-shoulder, ruffled dress. She has blonde hair styled in waves and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are resting on the bed in front of her.

SCOOP!
MARILYN
"TELLS ALL!"



"She's practical, too! She starts all her letters 'Darling and gentlemen of the jury'."

STANDING ORDER

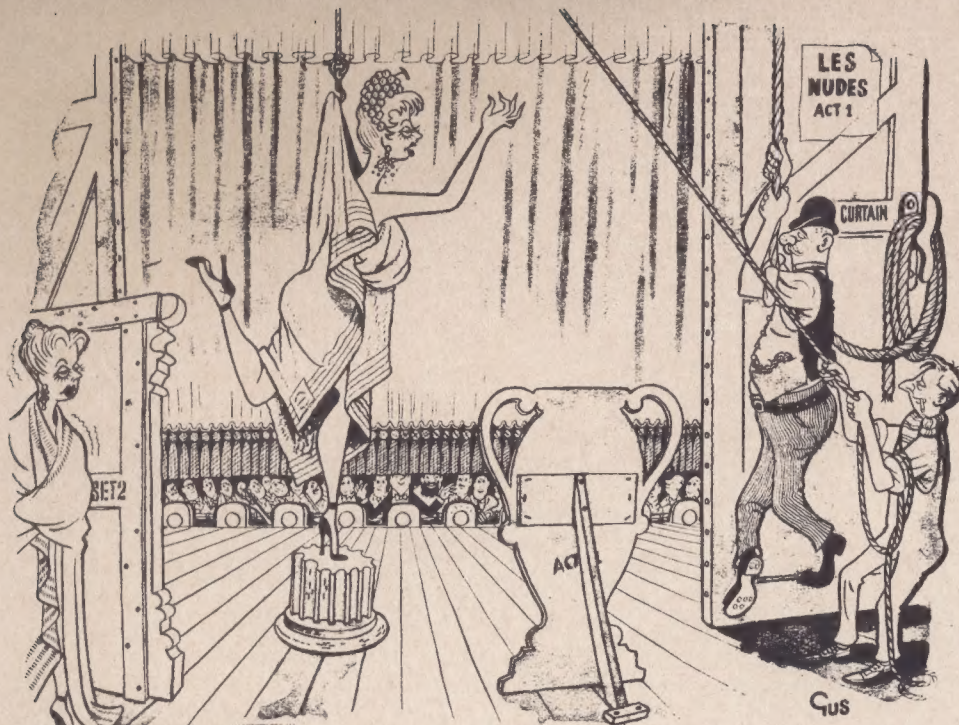
An artist's model is often a girl unsuited for her work.

BRAZZI BRIEFS

ROSSANO BRAZZI was once a lawyer. He thinks Italians make better lovers than Englishmen. He is said to make women sigh more often than Marilyn Monroe makes men whistle. He plays a heel instead of a lover in "The Story of Esther Costello." He lists his biggest fault as thinking too much about women.

LOVE IS HER
PET SUBJECT

SHAPELY Corinne Calvert is known as the Goddess of Love—because whenever she talks to anyone at length it is on her favourite subject: LOVE. Corinne is herself a favourite subject of conversation among men. Here, she's a telephone belle who's simply calling for attention.



"... Thus on our stage are mirrored all the progress, all the education, all the taste of our civilisation."

priotor of Collins's, bears an honoured theatrical name. I suppose that he laments the decline of the English music-hall more than most of us. He was born and bred in an atmosphere of genius—the old, tearaway music-hall genius—and I really dare not ask him how he compares it in his own mind with such principal attractions as are now showing—Pauline 'Take 'Em Off' Penny, for instance, 'The Naughtiest Girl of All—You will see more of Pauline than ever before. She's sophisticated. She's saucy. She's sweet. She's sexy.'

Oh, this world of the burlesque show which New York threw out some years ago! Oh, these young ladies, stripped and bathed in pink lights, in scenes roughly intended to convey an impression of Mexico, or Hawaii, or the Place de l'Opéra, Paris, France! And oh these comedians, forever convulsed in furtive schoolboy ecstasy, whinnying endlessly at the sight of black lace underwear!

I look round an old hall like Collins' and reflect on the Irish comedian of 100 years ago who built it on Islington Green. He now lies in Kensal Green Cemetery, with his hat and his shillelagh and his shamrock carved on his tombstone. Seismographs in neighbouring observatories must be accustomed to regular disturbances, like earthquakes, every night; these are only old Sam Collins, turning over and over and over in Kensal Green.

Up and down the country go these dreary little shows, where the word 'Art' means nudity; and the word 'naughty' means precisely the same. I deny that I am a spoil-sport; I simply assert that all this is poor sport, and I wouldn't mind spoiling it.

The planning and production of the 'Nude and Naughty' revue must be interesting. I picture a scene in a small office off Wardour Street. The persons present are Joey the promoter, and Dave the comedian, and Peachy Prue, the *première nue*:

Joey: Well, this show is to be called 'All Together, Girls, in the Altogether.' How's that?

Dave: O.K., boss. Same show whatever you call it, isn't it?

Joey: Stop sniffing, Prue, lovey.

Prue: Can't, dear. Got a shocking cold last week at Woolwich. They left a door open—terrible draught right in the middle of my Sexy Señorita number.

Joey: Well, I've gotta surprise for you. I'm proper fed up with Paris. Nothing but Paris, Paris, Paris, oo la la, oo la la. Our big number this time's Manchester.

Dave: How come, boss?

Joey: Big back-cloth of the Exchange Station. Prue can pose as a statue in the station yard.

Prue: Reely? A statue of what?

Joey (shortly): Spirit of Cotton.

Dave (excitedly): I got it, Joey. I'm a Frenchman come over to see the naughty girls of Manchester. What a gag! I just keep 'on saying 'Oo la la, ba gum!'

Prue (suspiciously): What's the Spirit of Cotton look like?

Joey: Same as usual. Just your pair of black high-heeled shoes and nothing else.

Dave (muttering happily): Oo la la, ba gum. Oo la la, ba gum. Oo la la, ba gum...

Joey (shifting his cigar uneasily): One thing, Prue, ducks. It's a new gag. There you are, nood, see—and it's raining. It's Manchester, see, and it's raining.

Prue (shrilly): Raining! I get wet? What'll my Mum say? My Mum won't have me getting wet, straight, my Mum won't.

Joey (cajolingly): But just think, Prue! Think of the billing! Peachy Prue, the only Artistic Nood who's Sopping Wet!

Dave (lost in delight): Oo la la, ba gum! Oo la la, ba gum!

So another artistic show is planned. So the English theatre marches on. Thus on our stage are mirrored all the progress, all the education, all the taste of our civilisation. I look forward to the interview which the Deputy-Minister for Culture to the U.S.S.R. gives to *Pravda*.

LONDON

THEATRE in the RAW

by

First-night knight

PSSST, mister! Wanna see a hot show?

I don't wish to claim the authorship of these words. They stared at me from a bold, red-and-black poster on the wall of London's oldest variety theatre, Collins' Music Hall, that hallowed shrine at Islington Green; and they were advertising a poor little revue, daringly called *A Look at Bedtime*.

This is of the Bedroom Keyhole school of entertainment. Many theatres, staggering under the blows of the cinema and TV, are now offering us *Les Nudes de Montmartre*, or *The Naughtiest Girl Of All*, or *Briefs, Bras and Beauties*; or this afore-said *A Look At Bedtime*.

The days are long past when I found my temperature rising at the sight of a young lady who has forgotten the top of her bathing dress; but I went into Collins', meditating a general onslaught on these Sex-and-Snigger revues, and I queued for my 3/9 ticket (front stalls, of course) between a bald-headed fat man and a pimply youth, a fair cross-section of this kind of evening's patrons, up and down these islands.

An hour and a something later, I was outward bound and making for the cool, fresh air of Islington Green when Heaven smiled on me. In the foyer, I came face to face with a middle-aged lady from the B.B.C., a lady of the utmost charm and intelligence and respectability, who was accompanied by a tall man of commanding presence.

"Allow me," said the lady from the B.B.C., blinking a little, "to present you to Mr. Nikolai Okhlopov, Deputy Minister for Culture in Moscow. He is here to look at the English theatre."

Weary of Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic, Mr. Okhlopov (who is incidentally also Director of Moscow's Mayakowsky Theatre) had demanded to see something different. Violently disagreeing with the idea that in seeing *A Look At Bedtime* Mr. Okhlopov was seeing anything

characteristic of London, of England, or of the free and civilised world, I have to concede that he was certainly seeing something different from Shakespeare.

The Deputy-Minister disappeared with his interpreter inside the theatre, to re-appear in the bar some minutes later with a face that I can best describe as brilliantly impassive. And what, I asked the interpreter, did the Deputy-Minister of Culture think of our cultural entertainment? There was a sibilant exchange in Russian.

"The Deputy-Minister," returned the interpreter gravely, "finds it a little cheap."

The Deputy-Minister, who has a handsome pair of eyes, then made me a grave speech. "The Deputy-Minister," translated the interpreter, "has taken note of the lighting, the décor, and above all the costume, and will use them all in his next Tchekov production at the Mayakowsky."

MR. OKHLOPKOV'S handsome eyes flickered as he watched me receive this assurance. It is the only Russian joke I ever heard. I base on it the opinion that a Russian Deputy-Minister for Culture has as good a sense of humour as the next man, and that Russians are masters of the straight face.

But the bar at Collins' Music Hall is full of old photographs of the great: Kate Carnegy, and Marie Lloyd, Little Tich and George Robey, and all the rest, ample and crammed with life.

"Ah," said Mr. Okhlopov, spotting the wistful ravage of Dan Leno's face, "how noble a tragi-comedian that man must have been!" and showed great discernment in saying so. Then, after touring round and studying all these photographs of the past, he took me by the sleeve and said:

"These must have been artists. Why do you not make this kind of theatre again?"

Why not, indeed? Mr. Lew Lake, the pro-



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JEAN HARLOW starred in many pictures, won many hearts and many plaudits. Then, at the very height of her career, death struck -- leaving her fans lost and her lover, William Powell, anguished. Now her niece, JUNE HARLOW is seeking similar fame but -- ignored by picture producers -- she must start at the bottom of the Show Business ladder, as a honkey tonk strip-teaser.




LONDON

What a girl learns in Hollywood

Joan Collins has come back from Hollywood a star. What had Hollywood taught her? "To act", she said. What else? "Well", she said —

BUT that was really all she said. The rest was — *please* — off the record. Miss Collins is convinced that what, in her old-fashioned way, she calls "the reporters", are gunning for her. Which, of course, they are. Ulcer-ridden and long-suffering, "the reporters" now and then need to get their teeth into something as succulent and defenceless as Miss Collins. When she was an English starlet, they accused her of not being able to act. Which is like chiding a prize Siamese cat for not being able to dance the Conga.

Now that she's temporarily back in England, they say she has changed. *She's older; she's got a fur coat; she's almost divorced!* All true, but irrelevant. We're happy to say that in every breathtaking essential Miss Collins is unchanged. Mr. Zanuck's description of her, as "the greatest screen asset America has imported from Britain", is only mildly exaggerated.

Well, what *did* she learn in Hollywood? She wouldn't tell us. So *we* told her. She has developed a lovely sense of humour. And that's how this feature was born. 



HOW TO IMPRESS THE PRESS.

Me pose for cheesecake? I don't want to appear unco-operative, gentlemen, but you don't understand. I'm a—well—serious actress.



THE MALE CALL

WIPING THE perspiration from his brow after easing his bulging sack to the deck, the postman asked, after ringing once: "What have you done? Have you insinuated again that Elvis the Pelvis wears embroidered panties? You must have insulted somebody important to get this much mail."

MENTALLY acute as our letter carrier is, this time he came to the wrong conclusion as it was not the Elvis fans or ruffled homos spending stamps but rather persons perverse and otherwise complaining about or asking about the motion picture "Baby Doll," now current second run.

"IF THE STATE Department is anxious to sell our pictures behind the Iron Curtain they should certainly select Baby Doll," I.G. Winston of Seattle allows. "After viewing the film it is certain that the Russians will never have any desire to conquer this country."

"THAT 'BABY DOLL' sign board in the heart of Times Square in New York is a disgrace," Mrs. Earl G. Turner of Newark states. "It must be seventy feet

long with that horrible girl in her crib taking up over half of the space. I know we must have sex, in fact I'm in favor of it, being the mother of three children--but, must it be perverted and blazoned at us?"

"THIS PICTURE shows the star of Baby Doll" about to produce a 'Baby Doll' of her own" says Catherine Bly, Bowling Green, Ky. "I clipped it out of a Paris magazine."

"TENNESSEE Williams has done more harm to the south than Faulkner and Caldwell combined. If Retlaw Elah was still alive I would invite him down here and finance him if he would write the truth about the south and the problems of the people who live below the Mason Dixon line. Williams is twisted and admits it." Mrs. Charles Trowbridge, Birmingham, Ala.

WE HAVE enough similar epistles on hand to fill up the remainder of the magazine and so we will leave be without asking the usual "what do you think?" Instead, let us quote from something the late Mr. Elah did write. Here are the essentials:



HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK

By ELIZABETH SCROTUM ORPHANDICK

IN OBTAINING the services of the distinguished and effervescent Elizabeth Scrotum Orphandick, this magazine has made the publishing score of the century as Miss Orphandick knows her Hollywood as no other writer can possibly boast. In fact it has been determined that many reporters on the comings of the Hollywood tribe have not so much as set foot in the Movie Town Motel and other places where the real news of the Cinema City is made.

ON THE other hand Miss Orphandick knows every dive, dump, den, bordello, house of assignation and caravansary in and even beyond the confines of Sunset and Hollywood boulevards and is even known, feared and deplored as far east as Main street in Los Angeles.

BARRED from every movie lot, banned from every studio and condemned by every press agent (since they are all working for CONFIDENTIAL, without the Hollywood, that is), plucky Miss Orphandick nevertheless covers the Hollywood beat like a tent over the Chautauqua. Her intimate relations with numerous film luminaries and deep insight plus a vivid imagination percolated by various potent libations insures our readers the real "inside," the actual "lowdown," the positive "fearless facts" and the unvarnished, uncensored and unexpurgated "truth!"

AS BOB BIGGS, self-confessed manager of the Folies Burlesque puts it: "We will sell tickets to all morons over 21 except Miss Orphandick."

BEGIN her initial column now, then "hang breathlessly" for two months for her next."

The Editor

HUNTZ HALL, the batty Bowery Boy, has the Bull Horrors to such a shaky extent that he will not light up a Mary until he gets at least as far away as Pasadena. Huntz is a polite lad. The manager of a theatre in a southern city, where Huntz was once booked to appear in person, courteously approached our Weed Head to introduce himself. Huntz, every inch the Hollywood envoy, rasped: "So What?"

IT'S NOT TRUE what they are saying about Piper Laurie, Arby Lynn, Tempest Storm and Noel Coward. And if it is, as Huntz says, so what?

SAMMY DAVIS, Jr., Frank Sinhotra and Robert Mitchum are ahead in a poll to determine the leading space getter in Confidential magazine and it is further reported that the boys are feuding. It is also being slyly said, damn those blithering scandal mongering meanies, that Sinhotra is actually on Harrison's staff and that he is "fingering" his friends.

SINCE HER STUDIO offers, Nathan Cohn the famous San Francisco attorney who has won practically every one of his cases even when he found it difficult to locate the courtroom, will try to fenagle Tempest Storm out of her strip-tease contract. Since her recent underwater studies of piscatorial life (Tempest does not require either an aqualung or water wings), her articulation has improved, doubtless from opening her mouth while submerged.

JOHN CARRADINE, looking like something dug from a tomb, was bothered by a scribe from this dubious sheet the other evening in Coogies. The drunken lout kept trying to pour gin in John's milk, much to the

"EXPLOITATION never solved anything. Writing about current conditions, making plays and movies about immediate problems always does more harm than good. You have to wait until after something happens and the problem is solved before you can look at it objectively. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" set back the negro cause a hundred years. Before you can have equal race relations you have to become oblivious of color, white or black. You can't be coerced to get along with anybody or anything. Education is the answer, not the Bill of Rights. You can't legislate love or respect. There isn't a cracker in Georgia who wouldn't appreciate the company of Lena Horne or Dr. Bunche and there isn't a member of the Urban League who wouldn't want to meet Rocky Marciano!"

SINCE THIS is primarily an entertainment magazine and especially since every time we stick our necks out on moral, religious or political issues we always get properly smacked, let this be enough on the subject of the south. This much, however, we had to say. Please forgive us and turn to the pretty girl pictures and the cartoons. More than one so-called "society" says that only morons read this, anyway.

YOU WILL please note that we have a number of sensational exclusives in this scintillating piece. Marilyn's own story, for example and the first run photos of Ginger and her Basque Bergerac. In no other magazine do you get daring photos along with reporting that strikes to the very marrow and no end of stories and cartoons that see the light of print in our pages FIRST!

COMING IN OUR NEXT--a former "great" of the silent screen goes back to "when" and brings you to "now" without pulling a punch or omitting a name. PLUS! Features that will startle. Photos that will make you gasp. Cartoons that will have you chortling. George Boardman, C.E. Mertins, Wm. C. Thomas, Peter DeCenzle, Mab Oberon and, of course, Elizabeth Scrotum Orphandick are contributors.

consternation of five big bosomed broads who tried to run interference on the theory that this might get them the part of the Virgin Mary opposite John's Jesus.

MIKE TODD is spoon feeding his latest wifely acquisition, Liz Taylor, according to the London Daily Mirror which paper also hints that the break-up of the Queen's husband and his pal-secretary might have something more to it than the mere fact that the secretary's wife has left him. Does it smack of some Freudian fizz?

DR. MIKO SKOFICS, husband of busty Gina Lollobrigida, has had a burglar siren riveted to the roof of his Rome home. This is to keep out interlopers who are, he thinks, out to film the birth of the baby Lollo is expecting. Guards, detectives and servants are alert all about and in front of the premises to prevent this audacious event from taking place. It could be shown, if the picture was obtained, on British B.B.C., the television outlet which entertained the British Isles with a similar human eruption. Gina was asked: "Will you feed the baby naturally, like Grace Kelly?" She replied: "Eet will not go hungry!" Apart from feeding, it has been stated, any other resemblance to the Monaco baby will be purely coincidental and no cannon will be fired across the Apian Way.

PHILIP and MIKE, Philip is the Duke and Mike is Lieutenant Michael Parker, private secretary, came back from Gambia, West Africa, sporting beards. They were away from Elizabeth for four months. Whether the whiskers are additional clues to the mystery is something for you boys who like lace in your windows to ponder. New recruits?



WAS JODY LAWRENCE, the Baltimore bare-baby now jolting the jerks in Hollywood, drunk at her wedding?

STEVE COCHRAN, the virile villain of many quickies (pictures and otherwise), has made up with Sabrina, England's answer to Marilyn, it says here.

BECAUSE of the many exposes in the many scandal magazines, of which this is not one, many of the leading men who have been ignored, are going to stop paying the girls, too!

PHILIP and MIKE "clasped hands in silence" when they parted.

JAYNE MANSFIELD is now filming a picture to be called, "The Wayward Mouse."

KAY KENDALL claims she has no plans to wed Sexy Rexie Harrison formerly in co-habitation with Lilli Palmer who, on the other hand, avers that she has lined up a new mate, Rexie, last man in the life of the suicide, Carol Landis, is said to have poked Sinhotra, something difficult to believe as Frankie once boxed whereas Rexie wouldn't be much of a match for the cadaverous death-warmed-over Carradine, in our opinion, we hasten to add.

A LONDON newspaper comments: "Commander Parker and his wife have parted. Because of this misfortune, Michael has resigned his job as the Duke's private secretary. When is this ludicrous custom going to be changed?"

DOREEN WOODBURY is another victim of a sex crazy, girl-hungry producer who will lie, cheat, steal and promise the moon to make the kip with the piece of his choice. She took the sleeping tablet route in her New York flat after learning that the man she trusted tricked her. She played a bit in "The French Line" with Jane (Evelyn West Chest) Russell.

MARGIT NUNKE, German's "Miss Legs" is being sought for a role in the flicker "Maniacs of Main Street," a Hugo Haas project.

A BEAUTIFUL young British dancer, who has created a sensation in Europe by fleeing from her lover, the famous Italian comedian Ugo Tognazzi, has "kidnapped" her own child.

SALLY RAND'S book, "The Day My Pants Split," will be filmed if and when a gal can be obtained to play the part. Arby Lynn has refused the role altho she was originally interested enough to start rehearsing the fan dance.

SINGER GUY MITCHELL arrived in London WITHOUT his bride, Else Sorenson, who is reported in no dither and not even particularly acquirer. Two can play at the same game, Guy, as Louella Parsons might gush. Stripper Blaze Starr is uninterested.

MARTHA HYER labels as untrue the report that she broke into show business as an incubator baby at the Chicago World's Fair.

EVELYN (\$50,000 Treasure Chest) West will sue, she says, 20th Century Fox for copying the tag line "Busting Out All Over" in Jayne Mansfield advertising. Evelyn has already sued Jane Russell and Tampest Storm, beating the latter into a batter in a San Francisco court. Only case counsellor Cohn ever dropped without a count.

FRANK SINHOTRA has set the film world buzzing with all the bees in it. In his next--"Kings Go Forth"--to be made in France--Frank falls in love with a colored girl. A novelty? Who will she be? Dorothy Dandridge, Eartha Kitt or a new dusky lovely?

BRUNETTES are boiling. For years they have de-

fended Ava Gardner as she discarded husbands and boy friends like a chain smoker tossing cigarettes aside. But Ava of the dark-brown hair has betrayed them by going ash-blonde!

IS THERE a link between French film star Martine Carol and singer Tonia Bern? Or is it Gregory Pecker again?

FIVE POLICEMEN dashed into a Hollywood fur store with pistols drawn. They found Anita Ekburg. The owner had forgotten to lock the door. Anita had strolled in on a late call and set off the alarm. Forgive us--we can't help it--will Anita go to fur?

DIDN'T BURT Lancaster know that about Katherine Hepburn? Well, if he did, why the pass during the shooting of "The Rainmaker?"

WHEN THEY tear down the Oakland El Rey theatre to let the freeway through, manager Peter A. DeCenzie, top burlesque producer, will devote his time and energy (?) to movie making. Hits filmed by Pete include: Hypnotism Confidential--which he WROTE and directed, Wolf Bair, which he narrated and PEEP SHOW, for which he cranked the camera. He will develop Donna Dailey as star material. The lass needs no physical development being built in a manner reminiscent of the little brick house behind the big brick house as readers of this magazine, Playgirl and Dazzle will attest.

LAWRENCE TIERNEY, who was arrested for being drunk in Hollywood 13 times, may join the Metropolitan Police in London.

JENNIFER JONES is plagued by a spook, an intimate squeals. It seems that a shade of Robert Walker has been trying to squirt sodium amytal in her arm. What strange dreams we mortals have and again we are reminded, by this tragic report, that money isn't everything. When she sat on a park bench with Bob back in Tulsa, many years ago, and when she and Bob were in love and dreaming of the children they would and did have--money and power meant nothing to Jennifer. This we know as did her father, the Oklahoma exhibitor who must have had a pang of remorse when Bob died because the Money Movie Mogul stole his wife and his children. Sob.

WAS THAT Hugh Heiffer, Napoleonic boy-publisher of PLOWBOY magazine, holding hands with Barbara Dellit, a Frank Sinhotra "drop the nightie" protegee? Hugh, now riding a crest, was once fired from the staff of Esquire because, it is alleged, he was behind in his studies to become an imbecile. Now, however, with PLOWBOY a newstand sensation, Hugh can strut, puff and squire the girls who pose as the "Plowgirl" of the month.

PETER LORRE is eating Pega Palo.

GINGER ROGERS, in New York for television appearances, discounted reports that she will shed her latest shackle from Patee.

JACKIE GLEASON, huffing and puffing, boiling and burning after being ejected from Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club. Billingsley said: "He's a fat, flabby, revolting drunk and his kisser was covered with lipstick." Sometimes it's interesting to recall the "when." Billingsley used to be a fair hand with a cold deck and Jackie an unsuccessful carnival fakir. You'd think these similarly feathered birds could nest together.

ELVIS PELVIS may be able to make a deal allowing him one Cadillac while in the Army.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS may write a play based

upon the life and adventures of Evelyn (\$50,000 Treasure Chest) West.

DIANA DORS is behind the Green Dor with her studio. ZSA ZSA GABOR on men: "They prefer their women to be just bright enough to realize what bright people they are."

RUBIROSA is sexually satisfied at long last.

DIXIE EVANS, billed as the "Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque," has, apparently, copped the affection of Marilyn's former spouse, the one and only Joe DiMaggio, retired baseballer. Dixie and the Outfielder have been playing an old game with a new twist down Florida way. This may interest Dixie's former boy friend, the skin-club impresario who had the intestinal fortitude to serve the suckers soda pop when the gendarmes took away his liquor license.

JACK BAILEY, contrary to rumors, is not, himself, a "Queen," altho he has been officiating and dispensing the Kleenex on the "Queen For A Day" television and radio shows for many a day. Jack may go back to barking on a carnival which would be a good thing particularly if he took Ralph Edwards with him and especially if this ended the Queen thing and the equally nauseating "This Is Your Life."

ART LINKLETTER is feuding with a San Francisco columnist who has given Art a bad time with acute observations which have been acid, to put it mildly. Art is the best Emcee in the racket, regardless of what any newspaper guy may say, but he should get his son a Vice President's job. You don't teach people to be ad-lib announcers, something you should know better than anybody, Art Old Boy.

WHAT HAS become of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRoque?

ZEE ZEE MARTINE came in for the oohs and ahs at Palm Springs the other dawning. Oggers were enthusiastic enough to remove their dark glasses, betraying the fact that they were not movie actors, an impression they tried so hard to create.

LILLIAN HUNT, burlesque producer, on men: "What I dislike about men is that it is just as intolerable to live without them as it is to live with them!"

WHAT WERE they thinking when the Duke went one way and Mike the other?

AND, while on the subject of royalty, what is this that Winchell has been hinting about the Windsors?

DAN DAILEY, and I don't care what they whisper about him, once heaved a San Francisco muscle-leg-man for a dubious columnist, now in the pokey, out of the Paramount theatre dressing room, much to the dismay of the public relations man on hand to prevent just such incidents.

PRINCESS DO MAY, only Indian strip-teaser, may get a part as a squaw in the Davey Crockett crap.

VINCENT PRICE on women: "Women are notoriously indiscriminating, demanding no more of a partner than that he be a male!"

WAS THERE a tear in the Duke's eye?

C.E. MERTINS, the Towson, Maryland glamour photographer, is now in Hollywood to shoot Ekberg, Laurie and Tere Shehan in the complete and absolute nude as per his contract with Paris Match magazine and the Ladies Home Companion.

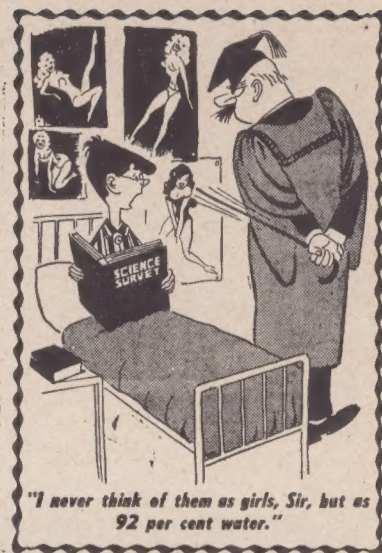
THE SEA WOLF, a silent starring Milton Sills, will have voices dubbed in and re-released by Dwain Ekberg, known as the "mad" producer. Partners in the venture will be Lillian Lutzer of Algeria and RKO.

WHAT HAS become of Madge Meredith? She's the gal whose career before the cameras was interrupted by a sojourn in durance vile. Jerry Wald of RKO studios, where Madge made her last picture before her conviction in a bizarre criminal case, once said: "Since the Governor felt that in the interests of justice she be released immediately, I see no reason why she should not be considered for any movie role for which she is suited." Double talk? Obviously, as Madge has yet to squint a lens since making her prison exit.

THIS REMINDS that Madge is probably the first actress not to cash in on her notoriety. Certainly some quickie producer must have offered her a role in the story of her own incarceration. Poor Lila Leeds, again as Lollie would say, she made a picture on the perils of junk after she did time with Mitchum for being dope dizzy. Last heard of she was in a government cure emporium, hooked and hideous.

A COLLEAGUE ran into Leo Gorcey in a bar recently--not Googies. Leo is getting to be a real old man but he still plays a Dead End kid, which was the opus in which Leo, then a moppet, first trod a sound stage. Our Friend observed that Leo was upright only because of a crutch and the fact that his beard was nailed to the ceiling. "Leo," he asked, "which is your dead end?"

AND this seems to be a good spot to come to our dead end. Read our next with a sensational announcement concerning our first BOSCAR award which will go to the actor winning the most points in boudoir and bedroom jousting. Points will not count unless they are scored with the opposite sex.



LOVELY

SIGH-T

VOTED by fans as "The Sexiest Girl in Town", lovely Mari Blanchard is also the pride and joy of film technicians. They say she can do more with a sigh than any other woman in Hollywood.



Dressed for comfort, forty-two year old Ginger Rogers and her fourth husband, Jacques Bergerac, who is sixteen years younger

than she, relax over breakfast at their country hotel. The talk is about Bergerac's profile. "Like a Greek god's," says Ginger

Ginger And Her Young Man



Ginger talks about Jacques's first film rôle. He plays a young Frenchman who falls in love with an American actress. Ginger plays the actress. Bergerac has acted before—in two plays

JACQUES BERGERAC is twenty-six, athletic, stands six foot three, has smouldering brown eyes, talks like Charles Boyer and makes only one complaint about the British way of life. Mrs. Ginger Rogers Bergerac, forty-two, four times married, blonde, with blue-green eyes and a little fuller in the figure now than when she first danced cheek to cheek with Fred Astaire in the thirties, agrees with her young husband. British beds, they will tell you, are not what they ought to be.

"Too short by far," says Mr. Bergerac, demonstrating the fact with his long arms over breakfast at a country hotel near Staines, Middlesex. "I have to sleep diagonally—so. From over here—so—to over there—so. It is, of course, O.K. for me, but not so O.K. for poor Ginger." He pronounces the name "Gingaire."

Mr. Bergerac (with Mrs. Bergerac listening adoringly) says they do these things better in Hollywood. There, he explains, he and his wife have installed an extra-long bed by the side of the Beverly Hills swimming-pool. For seven of the eleven months of their much-publicised marriage they were able to sleep in the open air.

"It is really wonderful," says Mr. Bergerac. "It is healthy and, of course, it is romantic."

Mr. Bergerac is a Basque. His favourite subject is Ginger Rogers. With good grace he has answered interminable questions about the gap between his age and his wife's.

Hollywood has gossiped and shown a complete lack of diplomacy.



LALIN FRANCIS
"King Farouk's Favourite Oriental Dancer"





Zorima

**QUEEN OF
THE NUDISTS**



Fit
to
play



* Glamorous Martha Hyer had to diet before she
* started work on Universal-International's new
* film, "Kelly and Me"—to make sure the slinky
* costumes for her role fitted perfectly. After
* several weeks she was fit to play her part.

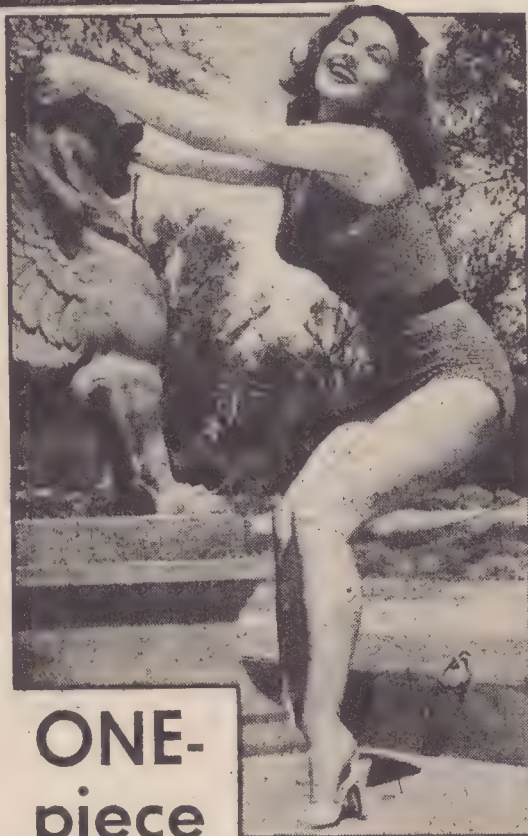


DATE LIFTER

W EIGHT-LIFTER
Mickey Hargitay
shouldered the charms
of shapely Jayne
Mansfield, 20th
Century-Fox star, his
date at a Hollywood
costume party. In their
leopard skins they
carried off all the
attention.

Scenting trouble

A STARTLED salesgirl on the perfumery counter of a large Hollywood store stared in amazement the other day when BOB HOPE strolled by, picked up a perfume spray and squirted some on the lapels of his jacket. Then he winked at the girl. "JUST LIKE TO KEEP MY WIFE GUESSING," he said.



ONE-piece for TWO

MITZI GAYNOR (left) and Mara Corday (above) dress alike for dancing scenes in different films — except that Mara wears a black belt. Mitzi is ready to face the cameras at Paramount studios, while laughing Mara limbers up at Universal-International.



"What would I be doing if I were 'airing my views'?"
"Sun-bathing."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

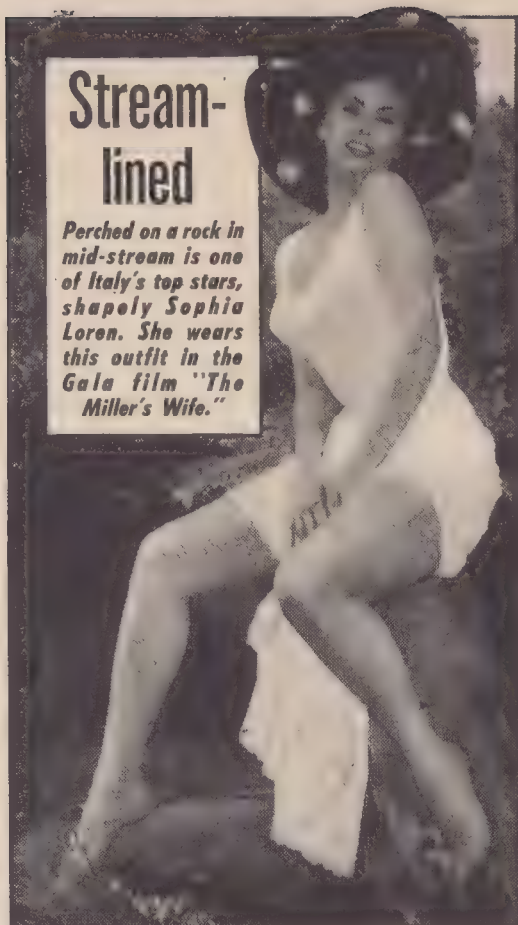
DEBBIE REYNOLDS believes that to make a successful marriage husbands and wives should share everything.

ESTHER WILLIAMS advises girls against getting married too young in life.

When **NATALIE WOOD** once announced that she'd wait until she was thirty before she thought about marriage, hundreds of fans wrote urging her not to wait that long.

Stream-lined

Perched on a rock in mid-stream is one of Italy's top stars, shapely Sophia Loren. She wears this outfit in the Gala film "The Miller's Wife."



Milk shape

This top Italian star, Elsa Martinelli, keeps in good shape by taking milk. A glass of it slipped at supper-time is part of her regular beauty treatment.

GLAMOUR



JODY LAWRENCE

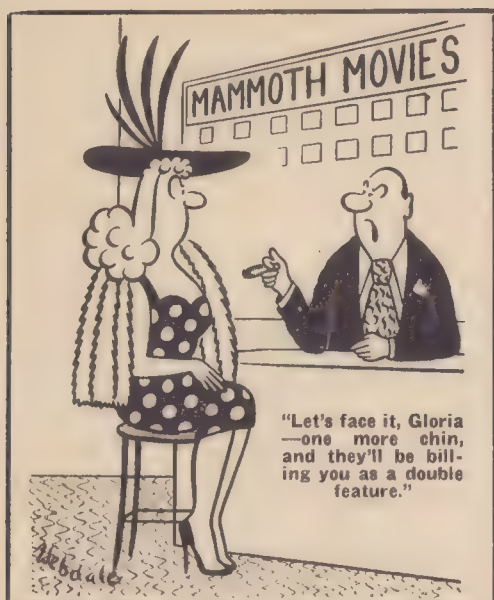
RISING STAR



BLAZE STARR



★ ZIP-TEASE GIRL ★



Silent light

If you can't make light of your troubles, keep them in the dark.

SHE'S a Mann any man would admire. Actress Yvonne Mann, a zip-tease girl with a 36-24-36 figure, wins hands down when it comes to beauty.



HARRY
JONES

"JUST WHERE DID YOU GET THIS 'EVERY HOUR
ON THE HOUR' IDEA ANYWAY?"

DOLORES DEL RAYE

by William C. Thomas



CHARM

Jean Kent

A GEORGE BOARDMAN model with more than the required attributes, Jean 'phones her Producer. "Do you have a part for me?" she inquires, and if Phono-vision existed, you can just bet the answer would be an enthusiastic, "Yes!"



A FILM STAR MOTHER

Peggy Cummins had a baby. Three months later she had twins—in her new film, To Dorothy a Son. Coincidence or casting?



PEGGY CUMMINS and her seven-month-old son, David. His behaviour before the camera is as assured, and easy, as that of any film veteran.

PEGGY CUMMINS played all of her latest part in bed ("the most restful I ever had"), expecting a baby. What she got in the end were twins, a girl and a boy. That made, for Miss Cummins (alias Mrs. W. H. Dunnett), three children in three months. The first was her own real-life son, David, now seven months old. The other two were, so it turned out, two million dollars worth in the screen version of *To Dorothy a Son*.

The film, after the London West End play of the same name, is a domestic comedy riddled with complications. And Shelley Winters provides most of them. Her fortune depends on no son for Dorothy (Peggy Cummins). The film ends in a rapid succession of twists that

naturally turn out to everyone's advantage.

This was Miss Cummins' first baby, and she would like more. She is quite sure that family and career mix well: so is her husband. Her son faces camera and photographer with a friendly smile. Flash bulbs make him blink—but don't frighten him.

His mother was delighted to get back to work and managed, most nights, to get home to her own baby before he went to bed. She is determined, though, that her career shall not interfere with his ordinary little boy's life and has planned a steady, routine upbringing for him. She also denies indignantly any similarity between her two sets of children. The film babies screamed relentlessly: her own never cries.



IT'S A GIRL! IT'S A BOY! IT'S BOTH! Peggy Cummins and John Gregson, triumphant parents in *To Dorothy a Son*. (Left) Shelley Winters, night club singer and prospective heiress, gets most of the action in the film.



Shirley Burniston, a Yakity-Yak girl, member of television panel game at the Premiere of the film "Oklahoma".



Dancer-actress Abbe Lane, at the International Film Festival in Venice, besieged by service men.



British actress Phyllis Kirk was seen in a blue Chinese brocade outfit while attending the Premiere of the film "Oklahoma" at London.



French screen actress Linda Sirena perching on the prow of a boat at Venice.

Maurice Chavalier, an old timer in stardom shown breaking a straw hat, his trademark since 1920.

British actress Jill Adams attending the premiere of the film of "Oklahoma".





"If Husbands Only Knew—"

"Best manual to give."
—Ohio State
Medical
Journal



WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS

If husbands only knew how much they are missing they would not wait another moment to read "Sex Life in Marriage." Many men (even those who have been married a long time) don't get half the delight because they don't know the knack of sexual intercourse!

WHO IS TO BLAME?

But this is not all. What of the wife? In all-too-many cases she is cheated out of her sex rights. The sex act becomes a one-sided affair. The husband thinks his wife is at fault. The wife thinks her husband is to blame. The marriage itself is in danger!

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Actually, both must learn exactly what to do before, during, and after sexual intercourse. In "Sex Life in Marriage," Dr. O. M. Butterfield gives detailed directions to both husband and wife.

Using plain words, this famous Marriage Counselor tells what must be done, and what must not be done! The "Secrets" of sex life are clearly revealed; husband and wife fall in love anew—the home is held together! Worry and anxiety disappear.

Sex mastery replaces doubt. Married life becomes doubly delightful because the joys of marriage are shared by both!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Mail coupon for 5 days' free reading of "Sex Life in Marriage." If not delighted, return it. You do not risk a penny! Mail coupon now!

LATEST SEX FACTS

Part of Contents

The Sex Side of Marriage
Sex Organs—Details
Disappointed Wives
Need for Satisfactory Sex Life in Marriage
Sex Rights of Married Couples
The Female Sex Organs: Described and Explained
The Male Sex Organs: Described and Explained
Sensation-Providing Areas When Sex Power Fails
Technique of Sexual Intercourse
Effect on Wife: on Husband
Sex Intercourse Must be Learned
When Husband and Wife Cannot Keep Pace
Frequency of Intercourse
The Right to Refuse
Unequal Sex Desire
Pregnancy
When a Child is Wanted
Safest Positions During Pregnancy
Intercourse After the Change of Life
Truth About Birth Control
Sex Relations Before Marriage
Temporary Loss of Sex Power
Value of Love-Play
Driving One's Lover Into the Arms of Another
Sexual Slowness in Women
Sex Stimulation Methods
Signs of Sex Desire
The Unresponsive Wife
The Frigid Night
Positions for Sex Intercourse with Recommendations
The Several "Steps" of Coitus
Prolonging Sex Union
Coitus Without Orgasm
Easing Sex Tension
Impotence
The Frigid Wife
Making the Honeymoon Last Forever
The Climax of the Sex Act
12 Rules for Happy Marriage

SEX CHARTS AND EXPLANATIONS

Female Sex Organs, front and side views . . .
The Internal Sex Organs . . . The External Sex Organs . . . Entrance to Female Genital Parts . . .
Male Sex Organs, front and side views . . .
Male Reproductive Cell, front and side views.

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風影

MOVIES



MARILYN MONROE

on

- My modelling days
- How Ben Lyon "named" me
- What I think of Censorship
- My plans for the future

ON my birth certificate the words were Norma Jean Mortenson. I was told that my father was killed in an automobile accident before I was born, so that is what I've always told people. There was no way I could check on that because my mother was put into a mental institution when I was little, and I was brought up as an orphan.

I have had eleven or twelve foster parents but I don't want to count them all again, to see whether there were eleven or twelve. I hope you won't ask me to. It depresses me. Some families would keep me longer; others would get tired of me in a short time. I must have made them nervous or something.

I had one pair of foster parents who, when I was about ten, made me promise never to drink when I grew up, and I signed a pledge never to smoke or swear. My next foster family gave me empty whisky bottles for playthings. With them I played store. I must have had the finest collection of empty whisky bottles any girl ever had.

I'd line them up on a plank beside the road, and when people drove along I'd say, "Wouldn't you like some whisky?" I remember some of the people going past my 'whisky' store saying, "Imagine! Why it's terrible!" Looking back, I guess I used

to play-act all the time. For one thing, it meant I could live in a more interesting world than the one around me.

The first family I lived with told me I couldn't go to the movies because it was sinful. I listened to them say the world was coming to an end, and if I was doing something sinful when it happened, I'd go down below, below, below. So the few times I was able to sneak into a movie, I spent most of the time that I was there praying that the world wouldn't end. It didn't, thanks to good people!

My first husband? He was twenty-one or twenty-two—well, at least he was twenty-one and already out of high school. And I didn't have a crush on him, although he claimed I did in a story he wrote about us. The truth is the people I was staying with moved East. They couldn't afford to take me because when they left California they'd stop getting the \$20 a month the county or the state was paying them to help them clothe and feed me. So instead of going back into a boarding home or with still another set of foster parents, I got married.

That marriage ended in a divorce, but not until

the last war was over. Jim is now a policeman. He lives in Reseda, in the San Fernando Valley, and he is happily married and has three daughters. But while he was away in the merchant marines I worked in the dope room of a plane factory. That company not only made planes, it made parachutes.

For a while I'd been inspecting parachutes. Then they quit letting us girls do that and they had the parachutes inspected on the outside, but I don't think it was because of my inspecting. Then I was in the dope room spraying dope on fuselages. Dope is liquid stuff, like banana oil and glue mixed.

I was on sick leave for a few days, and when I came back army photographers from the Hal Roach Studios, where they had the army photographic headquarters, were around taking photographs and snapping and shooting while I was doping those ships. The army guys saw me and asked, "Where have you been?"

"I've been on sick leave," I said.

"Come outside," they told me. "We're going to take your picture."

"Can't," I said. "The other ladies here in the dope room will give me trouble if I stop doing what I'm doing and go out with you." That didn't discourage those army photographers. They got special permission for me to go outside from Mr. Whosis, the president of the plant. For a while they posed me; then they asked, "Don't you have a sweater?"

"Yes," I told them, "it so happens I brought one with me. It's in my locker." The name of one of those army photographers was David Conover. He kept telling me, "You should be a model," but I thought he was flirting. Several weeks later, he brought the colour shots he'd taken of me, and he said the film makers had asked him, "Who's your model, for goodness' sake?"

So I began to think that maybe he wasn't kidding about how I ought to be a model. Then I found that a girl could make \$5.00 an hour modelling, which was different from working ten hours a day for the kind of money I'd been making at the plane plant.

I appeared on five magazine covers, mostly men's magazines. Each time they changed my name. One month I was Norma Jean Dougherty—that was my first husband's name. The second month I was Jean Norman. I don't know all the names they used, but I must have looked different each time. There were different poses—outdoors, indoors, but mostly just sitting looking over the Pacific. You looked at those pictures and you didn't see much ocean, but you saw a lot of me.

★ ★ ★

I went over to the Fox Studio with a fellow named Harry Lipton, who handled my photography modelling. Expensive cars used to drive up beside me when I was on a street corner or walking on a sidewalk, and the driver would say, "I could do something for you in pictures. How would you like to be a Goldwyn girl?"

I figured those guys in those cars were trying for a pick-up, and I got an agent so I could say to those fellows, "See my agent."

It was Ben Lyon who renamed me. Ben said I reminded him of two people, Jean Harlow and somebody else he remembered very well, a girl named Marilyn Miller. When all the talk began about renaming me, I asked them please could I keep my mother's maiden name, which was Monroe; so the choice was whether to call me Jean Monroe or Marilyn Monroe and Marilyn won.

★ ★ ★

I think I'm a mixture of simplicity and complexities. But I'm beginning to understand myself now. I can face myself more, you might say. I've spent most of my life running away from myself.

I don't feel as hopeless as I did. I don't know why it is. I've read a little of Freud and it might

NEXT PAGE

have to do with what he said. I think he was on the right track.

My second husband? For a man and wife to live together is not any easy thing at best. If it's not just exactly right in every way it's practically impossible, but I'm still optimistic.

When I showed up in divorce court to get my divorce from Joe di Maggio, there were mobs of people there asking me bunches of questions. And they asked, "Are you and Joe still friends?" And I said, "Yes, but I still don't know anything about baseball." And they all laughed. I don't see what was so funny. I'd heard that he was a fine baseball player, but I'd never seen him play.

People say I walk all wiggly and wobbly, but I don't know what they mean. I just walk. I've never wiggled deliberately in my life, but all my life I've had trouble with people who say I do.

In high school the other girls asked me "Why do you walk down the hall that way?" I guess the boys must have been watching me and it made the other girls jealous or something, but I said, "I learned to walk when I was ten months old, and I've been walking this way ever since."

★ ★ ★

My future plans? One paper had an editorial about me. It said: "Marilyn Monroe is a very stupid girl to give up all the wonderful things the movie industry has done for her and go to New York to learn to act."

Those weren't the exact words, but that was the idea. The editorial was supposed to scare me, but it didn't and when I read it and I realised that it wasn't frightening me, I felt strong. That's why I know I'm stronger than I was.

I'm for the individual as opposed to the corporation. The way it is, the individual is the underdog, and with all the things a corporation has going for them an individual comes out banged on her head. The artist is nothing. It is tragic.

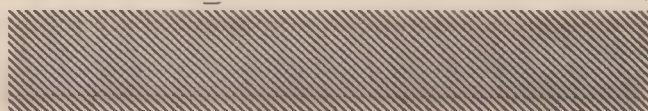
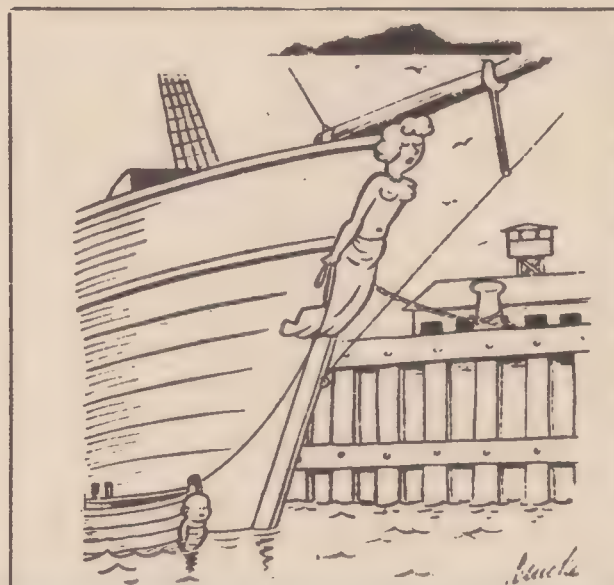
My income? Eight million dollars is a lot for a seven years contract. However, no matter what they tell you, it's not for money alone that I'm going back to Hollywood. I am free to make as many pictures for my own company as I do for Fox, and I can do TV and stage shows.

★ ★ ★

What about censorship? After one sitting of thirty poses, twenty-eight of those poses were killed. The Johnston Office spends a lot of time worrying about whether a girl has cleavage or not. They ought to worry if she doesn't have any. That really would make people emotionally disturbed. I don't know what their reasoning is. They certainly can't expect girls to look like boys.

What about playing with Sir Laurence Olivier in Terence Rattigan's *Sleeping Princess*? I want to be a real actress instead of a superficial one. For the first time I'm learning to use myself fully as an actress. I want to add something to what I had before. I want to be in the kind of pictures where I can develop, not just wear tights.

Laughter



a **DREAM**



SANDE MARLOWE

HOLLYWOOD



ARTISTS' MODELS

THE PERFECT FIGURE

VENUS de MILO is fat by to-day's standards. Her 37in. bust, 26in. waist and 38in. hips add up to a perfect figure for a girl six feet tall—but the statue is only 5ft. 4in.

We can only guess at her leg measurements, but judging by the rest of her figure her thigh would be 21in., her calf 13in., and her ankle 8in.



Height	Bust	Waist	Hips	Thigh	Calf	Ankle
4 10	31	22	31	18	11	6½
4 11	31½	22	32	18	11	6½
5 0	32	23	32	18	11½	7
5 1	32	23½	33	18½	12	7
5 2	32½	23½	33	19	12	7
5 3	33	24	33½	19	12	7
5 4	33	24	33½	19	12	7
5 5	34	24	35	20	12	7½
5 6	36	24	36	20	12	7½
5 7	36	24	36	20	12½	7½
5 8	36½	25	37	20	12½	7½
5 9	37	26	37	21	13	8



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"THAT DOLL, THIRD FROM THE LEFT --- ISN'T THERE SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER?"

HI THERE!

I am Arby T. Lynn, a model. My vital statistics include: age 23, height 5'9, bust 40, waist 25 and hips 36. I'll send you a free 4x5 glossy photo of me. Simply send me your name and address in a letter (no cards). It would be wonderful hearing from you. So, write me real soon.

Personally yours,

ARBY T. LYNN
612 SOUTH SERRANO
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



ASHAMED OF "UNASHAMED" ?

By WALTER HALE

BILLED as a "romance in the nude," the motion picture "Unashamed" is cracking box office records here and abroad with a regularity astonishing even to old hands in the exploitation picture business. And--the stuffy stiffs, self-appointed censors, blue-beaks and batty "do-gooders"--are in a despairing dither

YOU see, there's nothing they can do about it!

UNASHAMED is not lewd, lascivious nor immoral. As Charles Roberts Aldrich has said, "There is beauty in every unencumbered human body, from the cradle to bent old age!"

THE MOVIE, while certainly off-beat, is not even particularly sensational. Compared to "Baby Doll," for instance, the picture is the epitome of good taste and the treatment of the admittedly difficult theme and locale (a colony) is done with restraint and sincerity while retaining both the story line (love) and the bare facts. Photography is both excellent and imaginative, revealing all and yet nothing.

IT'S amusing to watch the foyer action on any opening day anywhere. The Biddies and Batties who feverishly love to tell us what we should see, hear, read and think descend upon the theatre in droves, waving umbrellas, stern of visage, eager of eye, anxious to be the first to view the naughty film before THEY have it banned.

THEY go out and away--mortified, humiliated, abashed and afraid. If there's nothing to complain about how are we to exist? THEY wonder.

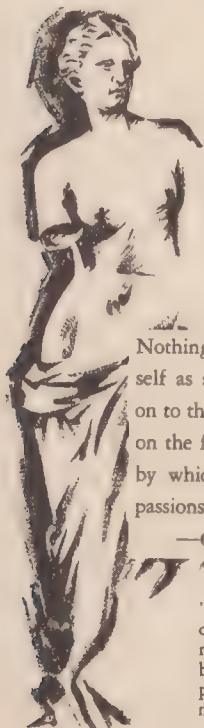
THEY are desolate and, you guessed it -- ASHAMED!

ALLEN STUART'S *The UNASHAMED*

A ROMANCE Filmed In A Nudist Camp

The Story

"The Unashamed" recounts, with thrilling and tantalizing realism, the heart throb story of the love and sacrifice of a pretty girl for her handsome and stalwart employer, who, suffering from a long series of imaginary ills, is prevailed upon by the girl to take a "cure" in a nudist camp of which the girl, much to her employer's delightful surprise, is a member. A romance between the girl and the man she loves is about to climax the man's cure, when into this modern Garden of Eden a serpent lifts her pretty head, a run-away heiress traveling incognito in a palatial trailer. Instead of the man continuing his courtship of the girl who has saved him from much mental anguish, the man loses his heart to this newcomer. From here the story scales dramatic heights until the final climax which is flung literally out of the skies, a thunderbolt of intense emotional drama.



Nothing is so chaste as Nudity. Venus herself as she drops her garments and steps on to the model throne, leaves behind her, on the floor, every weapon in her armory by which she can pierce to the grosser passions of man.

—George Du Maurier . . . Trilby.

"I came to Camden to die, but every day I went into the country and bathed naked in the sunshine, lived with the birds and small animals of the forest, played in nature's garden. I recovered my health from Nature."

—Walt Whitman.

Based on a story by
CAPT. P. C. PRESCOTT-RICHARDSON

Film Editor HOLBROOK TODD Screen Story WILLIAM LIVELY Sound Recording GLEN GLENN
Production Assistant
ROSSLYNN J. COWEN

Photography by GEORGE SERGEANT Musical Score
FREDERIC CHAPIN

Song "Back to Nature" by
RICHARD B. GUMP and HOWARD SPRAGUE

Directed by
ALLEN STUART

Photographed in co-operation with and all camp scenes
made at Olympic Fields, Elsinore, California.

PETER J. MCCONVILLE
Founder

CAST

RAE LANE Rae Kidd
ROBERT LAWTON Robert Stanley
BARBARA POUND Lucille Shearer
EMMA Emily Todd
DR. MALVIN Jos. W. Girard
MAIZIE Frances Grey
ROSE Joan Charles
WOODY MCGILLICUDDY Himself
DAD MCGILLICUDDY Ross Lynn

Passed by the National Board of Review.



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—Editor of the Liberal Catholic, of England.

"Those who are too steeped in the Victorian attitude toward the human body and its functions are right to leave nudity alone. It is my personal belief, however, that the world would be morally cleaner and more sane if all the children from earliest years up were made accustomed to the practice of nudity by the sexes in common."—Professor Lewis Madison Terman, Head of the Department of Psychology, Stanford University.



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SPINE-SIGNED

GUITAR-PLAYING rock 'n' roll maestro Tommy Steele has so many fans that he has to be protected from autograph hunters. But one girl, keen on Steele-ing the show, craftily stole into Tommy's dressing-room and asked him to write his name on her back. And Tommy was so impressed with her daring that he suitably obliged.



BEACHED BLONDE

It's grand to relax on the sand while you've the chance, says hard-working, twenty-years-old ash-blonde Shirley Deane, who landed a part in Charlie Chaplin's forthcoming film. An ex-art student who had already had small parts in films and on television, she was chosen to play Charlie's nurse. No wonder she looks as happy as a sandboy in this beach pose.



Male order



They Don't Care What Mama Don't Allow

By Noesno Evil

There's a rather dull flicker short that the grind picture houses use to fill in between the two super-colossal features,



Drawing by Hoff from
"How To Sin in
Hollywood"

the "Mickey Mouse" and the "March of Time" called "Unusual Occupations." You are shown how Mrs. Abnathy Cullpepper constructs bird baths out of slightly used nut shells, how Archibald Balderdash tracks down rodents and captures them alive by the simple expedient of sprinkling flour around a cheese-baited trap, and Mrs. Beulah Kneewhiff is caught in the act, by the camera, as she indulges in a most amazing stamp hobby—pasting the stamps face down in the book and getting a remarkable collection of glue backs. The commentator assures that all of these hobbies or professions or physcopathic diversions are "unusual occupations" but, as usual, the movies have missed what is indeed the epitome in odd employment.

We refer to a local lady who indulges in the fascinating pastime, to steal a line from the cinema, of "bump detecting" and this lady is to the burlycue theatre what Carrie Nation used to be to the saloon. Let just one chorine wiggle amidships with a trifle of what could be termed elan and the eagle-orbed censor will swoon down upon the management with all the fury of a lady hawk deprived of a hawklet.

Only the other evening an ambitious chorine, given her first strip-tease assignment at one of the more prominent of the "Take-it-off Emporiums," never dreaming that the nemesis to her art was hidden in the audience, achieved a mild snap just below the umbilicus which greatly delighted those of the patrons not bent upon making a poor girl's life hard. Our lady of the "Dance Without Movement" movement was terribly enraged, shocked, but to put it mildly, not rendered speechless.

Another terpsichorean action which is frowned upon by our avid bump sleuth is the "grind," a circular movement of the middle and rear portions which was utilized by Salome and Josephine. In fact, Napoleon is said to have been so intrigued by this sultry gyration that he had Josephine disrobing piece by piece! Anyway, this dance delineation is strictly disapproved and any artist performing the banned piece of light fantastic tripping will feel the heavy hand of Our Lady.

Since Our Lady has been spotted and is now recognizable in all disguise by all employees of the Fine Arts Halls, she now enlists special censor deputies who buy tickets and peer carefully at each dancer, reporting on all movements to their boss. One of these diligent ladies, on her initial tour, actually succeeded in catching one of the lovelies indulging in the forbidden routine. The lady became so excited that she involuntarily and quite unintentionally grasped one of the male patrons by the knee. The unfortunate act was not misconstrued, however, the customer merely thinking that she was attempting to remove a bottle of wine from his pocket.



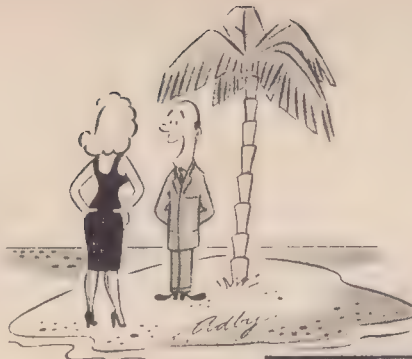


RARE BEAUTY

Lovely, fair-haired Christine Christy is a girl of rare talents. She combines the job of running her home and caring for her two children with a career as a model, dancer and television personality. This model mum, who lives in New York, is only twenty-one.



"It's quite simple, really, Miss Monroe. About a minute ago I was standing by a wishing-well in Ireland."



"I don't care if you ARE the last of the Mohicans!"

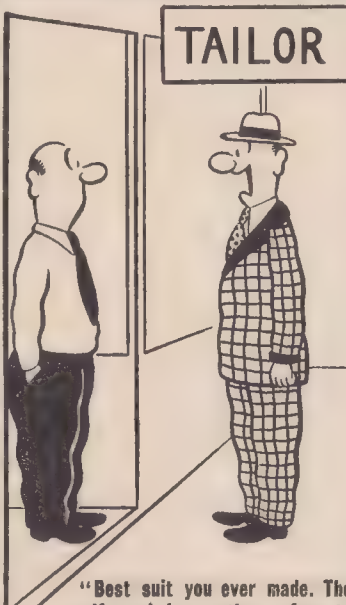


★ ROCKING ROLE

One of the queens of 20th Century-Fox studios, Rita Moreno has the boys rocking in their seats with her latest role in the film "The King and I." Dark-eyed Rita is everybody's stream girl as she waves enticingly from the rocky pool.

SWEET AND SOFTLY

SSH! Lovely Barbara Lang demands silence as she steals softly away. But not out of the lime-light, for Barbara will soon be seen on the screen in the M-G-M picture "Hot Summer Night."



"Best suit you ever made. The wife and her mother refuse to come out with me any more!"

UNDERCOVER GIRL

REMEMBER this face? It belongs to Dorothy Lamour, the srong-siren of the Bing Crosby-Bob Hope "Road" films. These days Dorothy is singing in a New York night spot—and she has a problem. **SHE'S BEING ACCUSED OF OPERATING A RADIO STATION WITHOUT A LICENCE.** All because she

carries a small undercover radio transmitter so that while she is moving round the tables her singing is picked up and re-broadcast over the loudspeakers.



Dorothy sings as she moves among the customers. No wires are showing, there's no mike, yet her voice comes clearly over loudspeakers.



Dorothy reveals her undercover secret. It is a tiny radio transmitter which is tucked out of sight down her dress while she is singing.



Marilyn's secret



"Madam should perhaps remove her earrings before taking her frock off."

VERA DAY is a personal friend of Marilyn's and knows many of the m'm-m girl's intimate secrets. Sir Laurence Olivier chose Vera to play the role of Marilyn's friend in "The Sleeping Prince" after he'd seen her in the film "A Kid for Two Farthings."

Twenty-two-years-old, Vera, a strawberry blonde with the curvaceous measurements of 36-28-34, was thrilled to get the part, but disappointed that she had to cover her own hair with a brown wig so that she didn't look too much like Marilyn.



SCREEN MOCKS DECENCY!

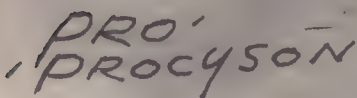
I'VE had my fill of Sex on the screen. As soon as a female star comes on the screen, I say to myself: 'Here we go again!' Nearly every film I see exploits scanty (or half-covering up!) costumes, rude situations, and suggestive lines.

As if there wasn't enough pin-up stars already with no more real talent than half-closed eyes and abundant curves, lovely Jeanne Crain has suddenly joined the ranks of "cuties." Once she was a mature, graceful actress above the rank of cheese-cake poses—now she's just like one of your two-a-penny starlets with "that certain something" that you keep talking about—just blatant Sex, of course.

It's a Mockery on decency, I say! What do your other readers think?"

R. Kelly



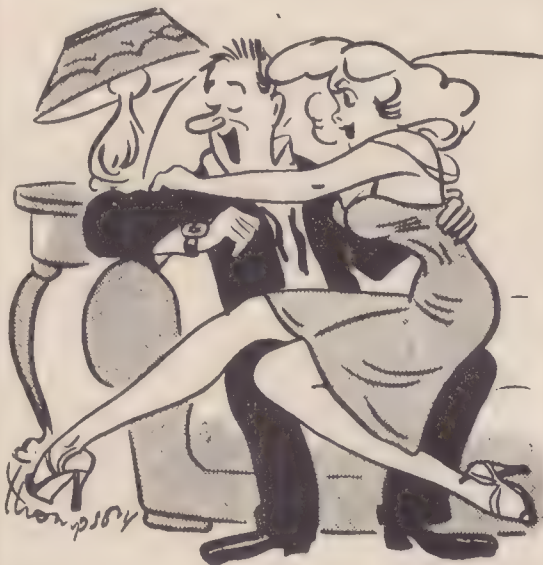


"STOP TUNING UP ON MY 'G' STRING!"

GOLDEN GIRLS GLITTER WITH GLAMOUR



Ticklish moments



"Just imagine, dear, in another two minutes it will be our first anniversary—we'll have been married twenty-four hours!"

FRANKly speaking

FRANK SINATRA loves emptying ash trays and repairing clocks and cigarette lighters.

—says: "If it hadn't been for my interest in music I might have ended up living a life of crime."

—has been called "The Voice," "The greatest bedroom singer of modern times," "The Sultan of Swoon" and "Moonlight Sinatra."

—says about his new-found success: "Man, I'm so buoyant I feel about eight feet high."

—would eventually like to produce and direct because "nobody is interested in the private lives of producers and directors."

—is still called Francis, his real name, by Ava Gardner.



"Swoon King" Sinatra has a drink with Bing Crosby, the man who inspired him to sing.

POOR IDEA

"Old man, I'm a pauper."

"Congratulations, boy or girl?"

STRIP-EASY MONEY

IT'S a bare fact that every evening in Paris 1,220 items of feminine clothing are plucked from their owners' shapely bodies to float gently on to the boards of the naughty city's 23 theatres and night clubs.

It works out at an average of ten garments per strip-tease artiste. Stripping in public is now big business in the French capital.

Lovely, Rumanian-born Sha Landres, a prize-winning pianist who can speak five languages, was out of work last year. Now she "strips" at five cabarets an evening—for about £250 a week.

Carole Ryva, aged twenty-one, used to be a telephone operator until she saw there was more money to be made at disrobing in public. Her appearance at the Comedie Theatre sent takings soaring.

At the Comedie Caumartin, it's the same story. When Lou-Lou Guinness, who trained to be a secretary, took over, takings zoomed to £10,000 in one month.

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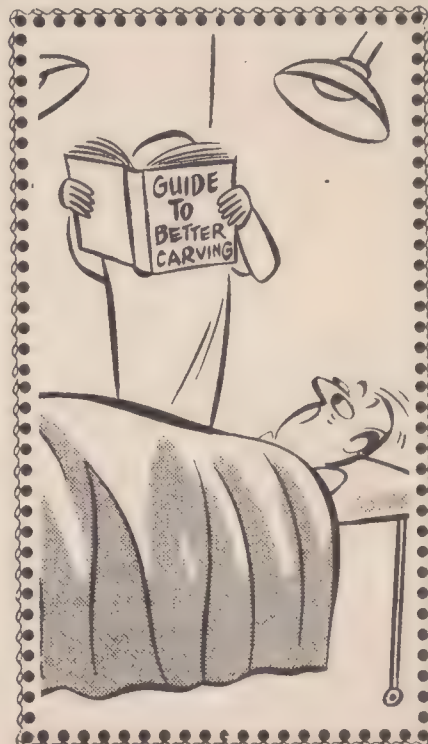
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Sophia Loren, the shape of Italian films to come. Once Rome ruled world. Now Italy is pressing the lovely Loren's claims as "queen" of the screen

The Italian mixture as before



Sophia Loren may have no luck when her latest film, "The Luck Of Being A Woman," goes before the **censor**

AN Italian journal published a picture of the shapely legs of Sophia Loren, latest in the long line of Roman screen lovelies. The editor was fined £50. The picture, said the judge, after close scrutiny, was "excessively bold."

Now, Italy's film bosses have teamed twenty-year-old Sophia and the man with the velvet voice, Charles Boyer, in a film called *The*

Luck Of Being A Woman. And advance pictures show that Miss Loren's legs have a major rôle.

The producers are making the film with both eyes on the Anglo-American market. They hope it will be Sophia's vehicle to international fame.

But they reckon without the British censor. Some of the shots may prove "excessively bold" for our cinema "judge."

As one Rome critic said: "The impact of Boyer and Loren should be atomic."

I'm inclined to agree. Miss Loren certainly exploded on to the Italian

Charles Boyer, heart-throb of the thirties, is teamed with Sophia in "The Luck Of Being A Woman"



"She's a very good actress," says Boyer. "People will forget her measurements." But will her Italian bosses let you forget them?

scene. She was elected "Miss Electric Welder of 1954," which was equivalent to saying: If you don't want to be dazzled, wear protective goggles when she's around.

The sailors who man Italy's motor torpedo boats adopted her as their mascot. And the navy is never at sea when it comes to judging beauty.

Since then, reams of words and an arsenal of flash bulbs have launched her along her way. She has made sixteen films and is challenging Gina Lollobrigida as Rome's No. 1 screen beauty.

Already she has cast a shadow over Silvana Mangano with her rôle in *Woman Of The River*, which has a sultry theme similar to Mangano's *Bitter Rice*.

Her acting, however, has scarcely been put to the test. At the moment she is riding high on her pin-up appeal. But so did Marilyn Monroe before films such as *Niagara* and *The Seven Year Itch* proved her ability wasn't only skin deep.

Will Loren be the Monroe of 1956? If she isn't, it won't be for

want of trying. Her film bosses have invested 600 billion lira, and Sophia is confident the money won't be wasted on her.

She is reported to be taking English lessons so that she will be ready to cash in on Hollywood offers when they come.

When I met her in Rome last year, she said plaintively: "I used to cry my eyes out at school. The other girls used to call me 'Broomstick.' I was silly to cry, wasn't I?"

I looked at Miss Loren. I could stammer only that if she'd been a broomstick, there should be one in every home.

What does co-star Charles Boyer—the man who has murmured sweet screen nothings to Garbo and Dietrich—think of her? "It is strange," he said wistfully, "but I believe people will come to think of Sophia as a very good actress. Then they will forget her measurements."

So speaks the gallant Boyer. But you don't have to be good at maths to realize that figures of 37-23-38 will take an awful lot of forgetting.



Boyer raises hands in admiration as Loren poses skirtless. Britain's censor may raise his hand in admonition at this and similar scenes



Loren looks coy. Boyer looks as French as the Champs Elysees. Our censor may just look aghast when he sees this

Guess who?



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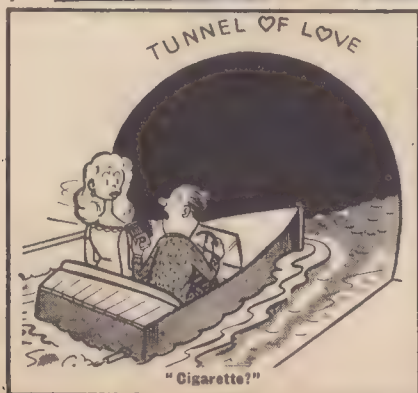
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★ Elvis really sends her—out into the street. This girl got so worked up she attempted to join him on the stage, so she is firmly escorted to the door by some of the officials. ★



Screaming fans run forward in ecstasy as Elvis edges tantalizingly near the footlights.

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